

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY
AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

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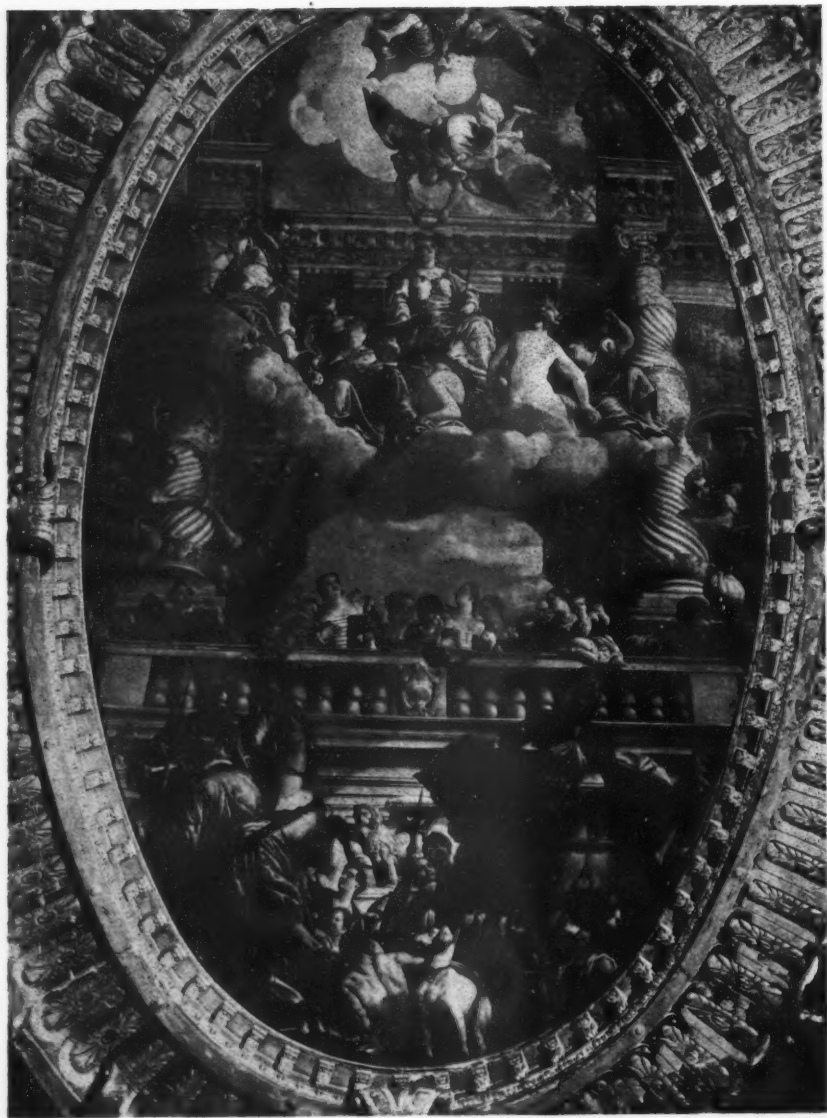
PAINTING

ART

HANDICRAFT

TEACH HIM ON THESE, AS STAIRS TO CLIMB
AND LIVE ON EVEN TERMS WITH TIME

—EMERSON



Venice, Queen of the Seas, by Paolo Veronese. Doge's Palace, Venice

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME VII

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1918

NUMBER 8

THE LILY AND THE LION

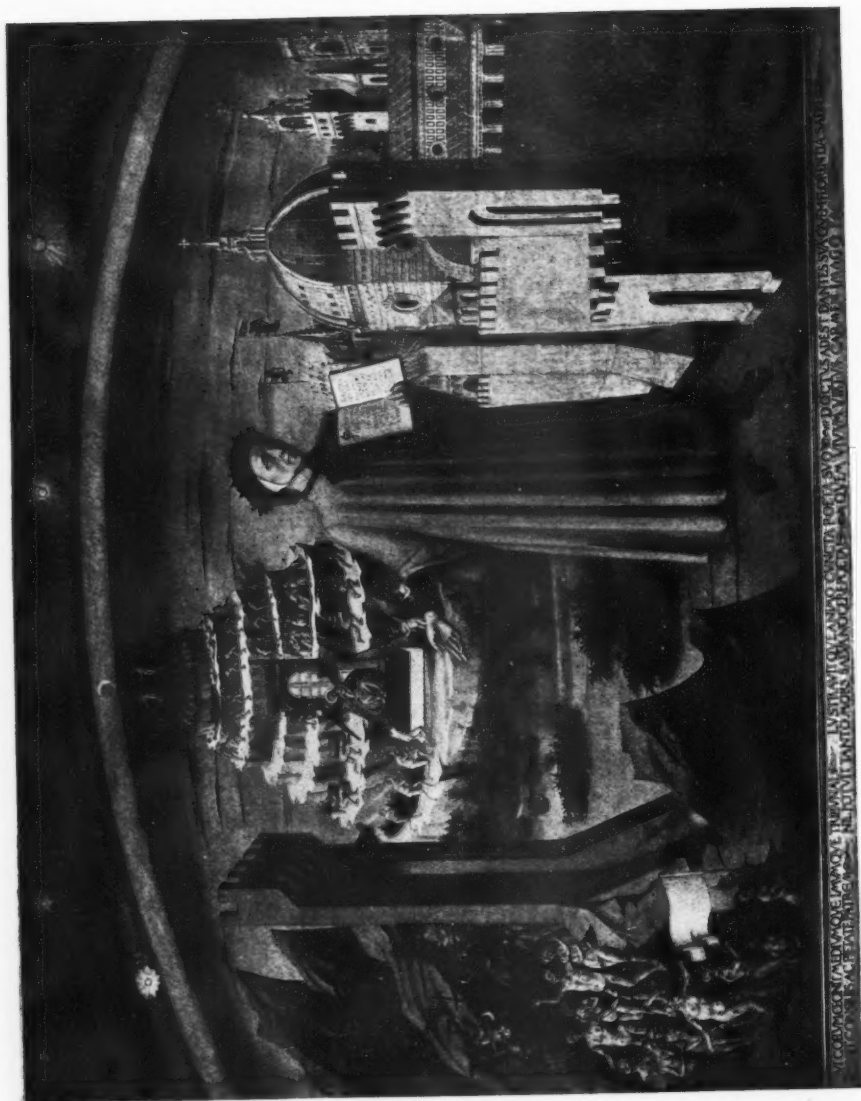
A STORY OF THE INDIVIDUALITY OF FLORENCE AND VENICE AS SHOWN IN
THEIR ART FROM 1470 TO 1555

KATHERINE SCHERMERHORN OLIVER

THIS is the heart and soul of Florence. Ahead of you is the Palazzo Vecchio that Arnolfo built in 1298, and just within its doors is Verrochio's putto with its dolphin, that tiny statue that I like to think embodies the spirit of those glorious days when men were young and eager and struggling to keep the dolphin of knowledge from slipping away from them. There at the left near that horrible fountain Ammanti made is a brass plate that marks the spot where Savonarola and two of his companions were put to death in 1498. See, there is a donkey cart going over it now! And at the right is a copy of Michelangelo's great David which once stood there, but was later taken to the Accademia in order to preserve it. The Florentines loved that statue, not just because it was Michelangelo's and because it was very thrilling, but because David was a liberator of his country. Between 1375 and

1494 Florence was nearly always struggling against despots, and tyrannicide was held in great esteem. Probably that is why one finds so many statues of David and Judith in Florence. Back of you are the shops, and beside you on the right just past the Uffizi gallery there is the Arno which every poet that ever saw Florence has written about. Perhaps Mrs. Browning's description was quite the nicest. And to the left a few streets away Giotto's campanile rises tall and pale beside the Duomo, a bit out of Florentine color, but an integral part of the flower city. It was built, you know, in 1296, when Dante was still there."

Varrio would have gone straight on, had I not interrupted. Florence was his passion—its art, its history, its soul. He could tell more about a city than any one I have ever known, and merely by looking at statues and pictures. "Please tell me about Dante" I pleaded.



Florence, "Dante" by Domenico di Michelino. Observe the Duomo, the Badia and the Palazzo Vecchio

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"One must know Dante to know Florence, it is true," he replied. "He was born in 1265 when Florence was ruled by Guelph councils and devoted to Guelph objects. He lived in the days of struggle, and himself fought in the battle of Campaldino 1289. He was a White politically, and when the Blacks or Ghibelines were in power, he was exiled. When you go to the big, bare, thrilling Duomo you will see a picture of him hung in the left aisle. It was painted by command of the Republic in 1465 by Michelino. He is standing between the Inferno and a strange Florence where we see the Duomo, the Badia, and the Palazzo Vecchio, all buildings that he could have known. Behind him is Paradiso, and he holds the *Divine Comedy* in his hands. But the interesting thing is that he is outside of a small Florence surrounded by walls, and he is greater than it is. How keenly the Florentines were beginning to realize their mistake! But Dante and Florence without Beatrice is unthinkable. Dante, sensitive and delicate, trembling at a glance from Beatrice's recording visions, composing sonnets, is ever the ideal of the aesthetic nature lost in contemplation of beauty. His entire *Divine Comedy* lives to honor him, as does his perfect, sincere *Vita Nuova*. 'He is buried at Ravenna, in a small chapel built by a Venetian, but Florence dreams of him and his glory.' Dante was not a painter, although he used to draw angels' heads, and he came earlier than the time I want to tell you about, but you can understand better the pure art of Florence, the Lily of Italy, with its soft colors and intimate lines, if you know Dante. It too came out of political and economic struggle, spiritual and beautiful."

At one's right is the Loggia de Lanzi. Orcagna built it in 1376, and it holds

some of Florence's most treasured sculpture. There stands Bologna's *Rape of the Sabine Women*, Donatello's *Judith and Holofernes*, and Cellini's *Perseus*. I asked about Cellini. "A strange combination of a man," Varrio replied, "when he moulded this statue he threw in all his table pewter, and the story of how he did it is most excitingly told in his wonderful autobiography. You must read that if you want to know what a child-villain a Renaissance man could be. He used to use his models so badly that I wonder he ever achieved anything in the way of art." "But why was it tolerated?" I asked. "Law and order were never more than theories in Florence. Men did pretty much what they wanted to in those days," Varrio told me. "Well, was his art so wonderful that it doesn't matter what he did to achieve it?" I said. Varrio smiled, "I don't think I quite agree with your fundamental ideas about art, but Cellini's art is not great beside that of Donatello's and Verrochio's. But to really understand the art and the spirit of the Italian Renaissance cities, one must go to their painting."

The Renaissance as far as painting is concerned was at its height between 1470 and 1550. Those dates are too fixed, of course, for one could never bind growth which was as unequally progressive, complex and varied as Italian art. The thirty years at the close of the fifteenth century contain the work of Mantegna in Padua, Perugino from the city of that name, and Bellini in Venice. In the fifty years of the first half of the sixteenth century we have Michelangelo and Raphael in Rome, Giorgione and Correggio and Titian in Venice, and Andrea del Sarto and Leonardo da Vinci in Florence who, although a little earlier, rank with the second group in skill. The painters of



Madonna del Cardellino, (Virgin with the Goldfinch) by Raphael Sanzio, Uffizi Gallery, Florence

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Venice, Piazza and Basilica of San Marco

the first group win admiration for their aim rather than their sometimes imperfect achievement, for a sense of reserved strength in their work, and a certain calm humility.

The latter was the result of the temper of the fourteenth century—an ascetic point of view which saw the body as a shell for a soul which was frozen into humility and self-depreciation by the fear of death and a hell. The fifteenth century, awakened in part by the emotional expression of Petrarch and the frank sensuality of Boccaccio, added color and vigor to life. With the acceptance of a certain *joie-de-vivre* the passion for beauty became predominant, substituting emotional experience for

religious ecstasy. Greek ideals through their simplicity and joyful acceptance of the unity of the body, mind and soul, became something to aim for. Donatello and Massaccio reflect the beginnings of these aspirations. In the end of the fifteenth century and early part of the sixteenth we have Italian art at its height—combining at once with a naïve and spontaneous spirit, the result of genius and the love of classic art, emotional expression and exquisite technique. They added, particularly in Florence, to the Greek ideal, which represented color, symmetry and grace, the expression of inner emotion and intelligence. As Leonardo da Vinci said, voicing at once the impetus and

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Perseus with the Head of Medusa. B. Cellini,
Florence, Loggia de Lanzi

aim of the artistic evolution in Italy: "That figure is most worthy of praise which by its action best expresses the passion which animates it." The strength, melancholy and beauty of Michelangelo is an example; the technique and loveliness of Andrea del Sarto and Raphael is another, as well as the sheer beauty of Leonardo's work. As Symonds says: "To imagine a step further in the same direction is impossible. The full flower of the Italian genius has been unfolded. Its message to the world in art has been de-

livered." The sixteenth century shows the beginning of the decadence which quickly followed this bloom. The Spanish mode, something which I think is concentrated in many a Valasquez face where beauty and naturalness seem to be fading before our eyes into affectation and formality, began to have its influence. The color and expansiveness of Venetian painting absorbed this influence successfully for a while, while Titian and Tintoretto still clung to the simplicity of design and freshness of the earlier days.

But this spontaneity and deep sense of beauty nowhere in the fifteenth century was so real and lasting as in Florence. There art was a business, and business through the guild system an art. The artists of Florence gained in delicacy of execution, accuracy of modelling, and precision of design by their apprenticeship to the goldsmith's trade. Some people think that it dwarfed their ideas, and it is true that we find nowhere in Florence such a tremendous canvas and conception of idea as Tintoretto's *Paradiso* expresses, covering the whole side of a wall in the Doge's Palace in Venice and attempting to represent all of Heaven. But neither do we anywhere find in Venice such exquisite line, and elevation of thought as in Raphael's or Leonardo's work. The two cities are strongly contrasted in spirit, although their influencing factors are practically the same. Venice had more of the Byzantine influence of mysticism, and Florence more of the Christian asceticism and love of learning, but they both felt the beauty of the classic Greek and the growing Renaissance tendency toward form and order. The Venetian painters developed a superior technique to that of the Florentines in the splendor of their coloring. It is not shallow and cold, as the Flor-

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entire sometimes is, and never seems an aim or an addition in the pictures. The Venetian painting also shows a remarkable grasp of the principles of portraying space and perspective.

Perhaps these two difficult forms of technique were the result of the great absorption in painting that we find in that city. Berenson says: "In Venice painting was the common tongue of the whole people. The expression of poetry and other arts was far less developed here than in Florence. No Pulci Poliziano, no Lorenzo di Medici moved the people with their words. With this inducement Venetian artists would work hard to perfect the processes that made their pictures look real to the people. There was little room for personal glory in Venice, and the perpetuators of glory, the Humanists, found little encouragement there, and the Venetians were saved from that absorption in archaeology and pure science which overwhelmed Florence at an early date. So that although Venice stood high in political life she lacked that highest development of culture to be found elsewhere in Italy." With the literary and archaeological interests lacking on account of the policy of the Venetian government, which was to keep its citizens involved in state duties and in promoting the glory of the state rather than that of the individual, painting became a natural and joyful outlet for all emotional experience. Venice held her position as a great republic throughout years of peace, partly by this policy and partly by her division from the rest of Italy by the water that surrounded her. Indeed the very streets themselves prevented the feuds which were always absorbing the citizens of Florence. The stability and growing wealth of Venice is reflected in her painting. The subjects are wealthy and proud



St. Christopher and the Christ Child, by Titian.
Doge's Palace, Venice

citizens, or processions and ceremonies in honor of the state, or naval battles and symbolic scenes which were the result of Venetian foreign commerce.

Florence on the other hand was in a continual condition of unrest. Party leaders and factions changed from Guelph to Ghibeline, to Neri and Bianchi, to kings and despots. She even became a republic for a short time in 1378. This endless change of government produced a spirit of freedom and intellectual debate which is again reflected in her painting. But her ener-

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gies scattered, and the downfall of her art was due partly to an overintellectualized people who pursued at once art, poetry, science, the revival of ancient learning, philosophy, government and commerce. The experimental spirit found its necessary application not in the minds of the people as a whole but only in the minds of its greatest geniuses.

Such men as Lorenzo de Medici—intellectual, gay and selfish, interested in a thousand artistic and practical pursuits—are examples. He is almost a miniature reflection of the spirit of Florence. He was a patron of the arts, and encouraged and paid such men as Verrocchio, Ghirlandaio, Michelangelo, Leonardo and Botticelli to work for him. This system of patronage helped the artists who were poor or despondent, but in the end made painting more conventional. The patrons, for example, often demanded that their own faces be used as those of angels and minor characters in religious paintings. So that, aside from the introduction of a slight element of humor, the artists often felt cramped in their conception of a picture as a whole.

The introduction of the personal into art, unless it is subordinated to some general idea or emotion is always weakening. Like the using of their patrons for models in Florence, the incessant introduction of the state and its glories into Venetian painting was also harmful. Such work as the decorations of the Doge's Palace—the Doge bringing about a reconciliation between the Pope and the Emperor Barbarossa, Venice the *Queen of the Seas*, etc.,—is both beautiful and patriotic, but it soon degenerated into mere hack work done to laud the state and make critical inquiry infrequent. The stately and processional type of work is character-

istic of the Venetians. We see it in such religious works as Gentile Bellini's *Corpus Christi*, and on the water, Carpaccio's picture of *St. Ursula Leaving Home*. This introduction of the personal element into painting had another bad influence. Painters like Cellini often become more interested in their subjects themselves than in the work they had to do, with the result that the painting often ceased entirely when models and other subjects fell into the hands of immoral artists. This was truer of Venice than Florence, for Venice was frankly immoral, supporting an enormous number of courtesans, second only to Rome. That these women in many instances should have been chosen as subjects for thoughtful painting is not strange when one realizes that they were often well educated and elegant in thier manner as well as beautiful.

To really catch the spirit of Venice you should be standing tonight in the square of San Marco's. The campanile glows pink against the grey sky, San Marco's mosaics are sparkling while the band in the centre of the square plays perhaps the Love-Death from *Tristan and Isolde*. Busy, happy crowds walk about, and gay couples sit at small tables and sip ices. Or we are floating down the Grand Canal past Browning's Palazzo, past Byron's, under the Rialto, on around until before San Giovane San Paulo we see the mighty Colleoni. Is it not interesting that Venice, the horseless city, should have such marvellous equestrian statues? That is quite the finest one that I have ever seen, and then there are the famous bronze horses on San Marco. Their lack must have made them appreciate equestrian beauty a great deal more.

By this time we were at the door of the Uffizi. Varrio explained that it was

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the Palace of Offices built in 1560 for Cosimo Pater, and how the statues in the portico were of the greatest Florentines—Giotto, Donatello, Dante, Cosimo I, Boccaccio, Cellini, Machiavelli, Petrarch, Michelangelo, Leonardo and many others. Once inside and past the Bacchus on the stairs, and the marvellous room of original drawings by the greatest of the masters, we were in the treasure-house of Florence and Italy. We went into the Tuscan room first, and there was a Fra Angelico. Varrio's eyes lit up: "See, it is the *Crowning of the Virgin*" he cried, "and it has all of Fra Angelico's gentleness and sweetness. How he washes on the gold—glorifying his picture until it is visible far away. And here are Baldonetti's, Granacci's, and Sogliani's, and better still a little circular Lorenzo di Credi madonna 'all comfortable and happy in a Tuscan meadow.' But I'll not bother you with too many names. We'll skip these early schools, fascinating as they are, and the stiff followers of the father of painting, Giotto. "Who are they?" I asked. "Fra Angelico whom we have seen, and Lorenzo Monaco and Benozzo Gozzoli who did the famous frescoes in the Riccardi Palace which was built for Cosimo de Medici by his favorite architect Michelozzo. But I wish we could have gone to the church of the Carmine and seen the frescoes by Masaccio, for he was the first painter to make the human frame round and life-like and at all expressive of mood. You should see how dramatic and powerful he is, especially in his *Expulsion of Adam and Eve* from Paradise.

Then we went into the Venetian rooms, and how big and glowing the pictures looked. First of all the Giorgione's *The Cavalier of Malta*, and the two bible pictures. Perhaps they are not his—lately critics have taken every-

thing away from Giorgione's brush except his fine *Concert*, at the Pitti Gallery, and possibly his *Tempest* or *Gipsy and Soldier* as it is sometimes called in the Giovinelli place in Venice. But he was a glorious colorist, and that glowing picture must be his. These at any rate are full of color, light and shade. He was born in 1447 and like Titian was the pupil of Bellini, that delicate artist whose exquisite madonnas have always had their influence upon religious painting. You see the church from the very first took account of the stimulus of color as well as music for invoking religious moods. Next to the finest mosaics of the times, the early works of Giovanni Bellini best carried out this aim. As Berenson says: "No one can look at Bellini's pictures of the Dead Christ upheld by the Virgin or Angels without being put into a mood of deep contrition, nor at his early or for that matter late madonnas without a thrill of awe and reverence. After Giorgione and Titian in Venice the painters for the most part were the imitators of Giorgione, not the pupils. They all show traces of Bellini . . . The Venetian idea was rather to perfect the taste of Bellini, at the same time introducing into it the new things that came from Titian and Giorgione, so that the resulting exaggerated observation, 'that whoever had cultivated an acquaintance with one Venetian artist of that age knew them all' had some grounds of truth in it." Then we saw the Titians, the *Madonna of the Roses*—a lovely thing, the rosy *Flora* and the *Duke and Duchess of Urbino* who held the court from which the ideas of Castiglione's *Courtier* were evolved. But we could not let Titian go at that, and Varrio showed me a copy of the picture that he loved best. "It is at the Doge's Palace in Venice," he said,



Madonna of the Magnificat, by Botticelli. Uffizi Gallery



Holy Family, by Michelangelo. Uffizi Gallery

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"and Titian painted it above a door in a part of the palace that is now a museum. It is St. Christopher and he is striding through the flood with the Christ child on his shoulder, the little child that grew heavier and heavier as he carried him, for he bore the sins of the whole world. It is a beautiful legend" said Varrio, "and despite the miniature Venice at the bottom of the picture, despite the cracks and bad light, despite the other glorious, voluptuous, colorful Titians I like this one best."

Then Varrio took me to the Sala di Michelangelo. There was Michelangelo's *Holy Family*, the only finished easel picture of his that we have. "It is very lovely" I said, "and daringly pagan." "Yes, you are right," Varrio replied, "those nude figures in the background are quite pagan. It was a characteristic of the Renaissance to search for unity in everything—unity of Christianity and Paganism, unity of art and business, unity of joy and life."

From there we went to the Sala di Leonardo. The gold-haired Leonardo, who as a boy walked the streets and bought the caged birds to set them free, was a Florentine, but Florence has very little of his work. One of his pictures here is the *Annunciation*, and it is rich in tone and beautiful. The cypresses in it and the velvet grass are lovely. And then there is his exquisite unfinished *Adoration of the Magi*. Poor Leonardo—he did such wonderful work, and it has had such bad treatment at the hands of the world, his *Last Supper* perishing with age, his battle cartoon destroyed, his sculpture lost, his Mona Lisa stolen, this picture unfinished. But it is very lovely as it is with "wistful faces emerging from the gloom." It has the

prancing horses of the Magi, the rocks and trees of Tuscany—the painters used what was about them—and a staircase with figures going up and down. It is very beautiful though unfinished and it would be hard to leave were we not going to the Sala di Botticelli.

Botticelli has a "sensitive, wistful delicacy" that no other painter has ever achieved. He was a pupil of Fra Lippo Lippi, but he is better than his master. Symonds says, "he has a unique value for us" as representing the intermingling of antique and modern fancy at a moment of transition, as embodying in some of his pictures the subtlest thought and feeling of men for whom the classic myths were beginning to live once more, while new guesses were timidly being hazarded in the sphere of orthodoxy." There is his *Madonna of the Magnificat* with its circular design. The boys in it are Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, for the painters put their patrons into the pictures, no matter how religious the subject. Indeed the Venus of both Botticelli's *Primavera* and his *Birth of Venus* are said to be the lady Simonetta Cattaneo, the young wife of Marco Vespucci. But whether or no Botticelli ever saw Simonetta in the springtime, as Hewlett tells us in *Quattrocentesteria*, it is certain that he painted a very lovely lady in those two pictures. The *Primavera* is at the Accademia, and it is very gay and pagan. The figure at the right has a delicious dress of flowers and comes over the "grass like thistledown." Simonetta is the central figure in the *Birth of Venus* where she stands on a seashell protected by her long golden hair while the winds puff her toward the shore. There are others of course—the *Fortitude* and *Calumny*, and the two sturdy

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little *Judith and Holofernes* pictures. But let us leave Botticelli with the Simonetta Venus in our minds.

And now beside the smaller rooms there is only the Tribuna left, that special treasure-house of the gallery. Here are the Venus de Medici and Knife-Sharpener for statuery, and marvellous pictures. First, the quite perfect *Madonna del Cardellino*, by Raphael, with its exquisite landscape. Here is a warm Franciabigio *Madonna del Pozzo* near by, and the two Correggios with their cold, dramatic style. We have seen the best of the gallery, and it is idle to go on. Varrio then said, "If you should go to Venice you would at once see the difference. Florence is very quiet, very perfect, very religious in its art. It is like its superb Ghiberti doors at the Baptistery—full of perspective, detail, imagination, facility.

Its artists worked for their patrons at times, but usually purely for the sake of art—to create, to think with brush and chisel, to mix paints with brains, as Raphael said, to give something new and glorious and beautiful to the world. But Venetian painting was the product of a natural ripening of interest in life and love of pleasure, and although nominally painting the Madonna and saints the Venetians were really painting handsome, healthy, sane people like themselves who wore splendid robes, and found life worth living and not overburdened by learning. The Florentine pictures are intellectual, emotional, religious, beautiful. The Venetian pictures are not for education, or devotion but they are full of patriotism and the spirit of joy." Thus Varrio ended, and walked with me away from the treasure-house of the Florentines.

MICHELANGELO'S DAVID

Alone, no armor save thy youthful skill,
Thy matchless form in careless ease, belies
The depth of courage and the dauntless will
That burns undying in thy warrior eyes.
Thy splendid being courts the waiting hour
With all the confidence of conscious power.

So must thou, in the silence of the plains,
When the dark storm-cloud swept across the night,
Have bared thy forehead to the rushing rains,
Exulting in the power above thy might;
That majesty of poise claims kindred there
With sweeping distances of earth and air.

There in the starry hush thy spirit drank,
There in the dewy morn it reveled free,
Or dreamed upon the sun-bathed hills of noon
Till the vast, breathing silence nurtured thee
And filled thee with a god's high-born desire,
With manhood's calm and youth's quick-pulsing fire.

ROSE HENDERSON.

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Fig. 1. The Last Day of Pompeii, by Bryullov

SOME MODERN RUSSIAN PAINTERS

LOUIS E. LORD

A FEW weeks ago I read a short dispatch on one of the inside pages of a daily that the museum and school of fine arts at Moscow had been looted and destroyed by the Bolsheviki. Like so many of the dispatches coming from Russia it had been edited by someone who knew nothing of the local situation, so it was impossible to tell whether the museum destroyed was the Imperial Rumyantsov Museum, the Museum of Fine Arts established by Alexander III, or the Industrial Art Museum in the Rozndestvenka. The last seemed most likely, but the description was so vague that my fears were aroused for the safety of the unique collection of paintings by Russian artists housed under the rather precarious protection of the Tretyakov Gallery. This

Gallery and the Russian Museum of Alexander III at Petrograd contain the best collection of modern Russian painting—in fact should they be destroyed an irreparable injury would be done the history of art, since the museums of western Europe contain but few examples of work of this remarkable school. In all the misinformation that has come out of Russia in the last year, I have so far seen no reference to the fate of these collections nor the treasures of the Hermitage. Our contractors, social workers, and magazine writers do not seem to know that they exist.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to review, even briefly, the history of Russian painting. Before Bryullov (1799-1852) this early painting is entirely imitative—to such an extent

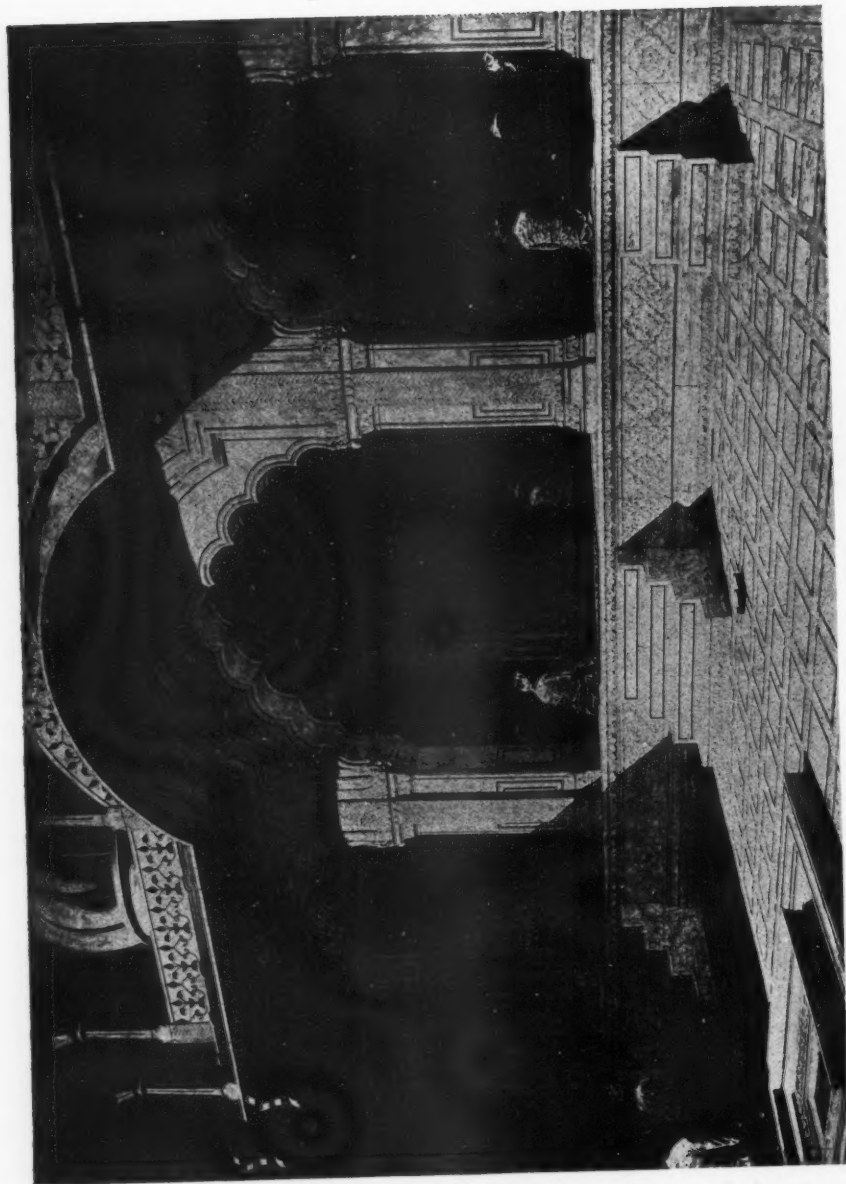


Fig. 2. The Mosque, by Vasili Vereshchagin



Fig. 3. The Crucifixion, by Vasil Vereshchagin

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Fig. 4. The Cossacks Writing a Letter to the Sultan of Turkey, by Ryepin

that even Russian scenes are painted on a background of classical landscapes.

Bryullov and Ivanov (1806-1858), greatly as they differ, together mark the end of the old tradition rather than the beginning of the new. Bryullov, like Thorvaldsen, now suffers from the extravagant estimate put on his work by his contemporaries. It is very hard to see how his *Last Day of Pompeii* (Fig. 1), with its hard and unsympathetic coloring, its careful, though disguised balance and its wild emotionalism could have elicited the unbounded adulation of the early nineteenth century.

Two of the nineteenth century Russian artists have won international fame, Vasili Vereshtchagin (1842-1904) and Ryepin (b. 1844). The work of the former is so well known that it need not be described further here. The Tretyakov Gallery contains three

large rooms devoted to the splendid canvasses of this painter and a fourth room filled with his sketches. One of these rooms is devoted to paintings of Indian scenes—quite as masterly in technique as his better known war pictures. In *The Mosque* (Fig. 2) he has succeeded in reproducing the sheen of marble, the riot of oriental decoration and, with an engraver's accuracy, the tracery of the pillars, all bathed in the pitiless glow of an eastern sun's throbbing rays. As a painter of portraits his work is perhaps best seen in such a subject as *The Retired Steward* in the Gallery of Alexander III at Petrograd. He is no less successful in the religious field as seen in *The Crucifixion* (Fig. 3), though his name is seldom mentioned in this realm.

Ryepin, for versatility of technique, is almost the rival of Menzel and far surpasses him in vigor and depth of

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Fig. 5. Phryne at the Festival of Eleusis, by Siemeradski

feeling. He has achieved notable success in almost every style of painting with the exception of religious scenes. Here it must be admitted that his work leaves much to be desired. One of his most popular subjects is *The Cossacks Writing a Letter to the Sultan of Turkey* (Fig. 4). The theme evidently attracted him, for he has handled it several times. One is reminded of the variants of Boecklin's *Isle of the Dead*. This picture with its animated action, its lack of background, and its varieties of type, is in striking contrast to another picture of his, also much admired, *Tolstoi in the Fields*. This canvas by its very lack of detail throws into bold relief the figure of Russia's prophet between two very commonplace horses in the measureless expanse of the broad Russian plain.

Siemeradski (1843-1902) has been called quite appropriately the Russian

Alma Tadema. He has the same fondness for classical scenes, for the sheen and softness of marble, for harmonious draperies and beautiful forms. No painter who did not love the south could have painted *Phryne at Eleusis* (Fig. 5). It is the festival of Demeter and Phryne is laying aside her garments before plunging in the Bay—a scene which inspired Apelles' masterpiece, *Venus Anadyomene*. The stately temple, with its ordered steps, the serene goddess, the festal throng, Demeter's celebrants, the fair form which still lives in the faint echoes of Praxiteles' Cnidian Aphrodite, the sturdy servants and fishermen, the azure sea and the opal mountains—these are the work of an artist who has seen that fair Bay. If the vision of Er be true, he may have been one of the Mystae who did not drink of the water of Lethe. And surely the *Sword Dance* (Fig. 6)

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Fig. 6. The Sword Dance, by Siemeradski

must have been painted at Taormina. The graceful swaying figure in the foreground has taken the place of the Romanized theater, but beyond is "Mother Aetna," the curved line of the clear white beach and "before us the Sicilian Sea."

Among marine painters the chief place is held by Aivazoski (1817-1900). He is not fond of the sea in its quieter moods, nor does he often treat with minuteness a small bit of water. He does not do portraits of individual waves. His theme is "the cape that fronts the north smitten on every side." "the long sweep of windwhipped waves, the cruel breakers and the stranded ship." The *Tempest at Cape Aia* (Fig. 7) is a fine example of this type of painting.

Russian artists who deal with historical subjects show an unusual fondness for Ivan the Terrible. The Alexander III Museum contains a remarkable bronze statue by Antokolski (1842-

1902) representing the tyrant in his latter days (Fig. 12). One may be reminded of similar statues of Napoleon and Voltaire, but the insane cruelty of the face and the nervous tension of the hand that grasps the well known scepter are the artist's own conception. A touch or the sound of an incautious step may wake the sleeping tiger. Sedov's *Czar Ivan the Terrible Admiring Vasilissa Melentieva* (Fig. 10) is an even more revolting portrayal of this madman. The workmanship of the artist is, however, superb. The senile passion of the Czar's emaciated face proves a powerful foil for the somewhat robust beauty of the sleeping lady. Ryepin's portrait of Ivan clasping the body of his son whom he has just mortally wounded with his own iron shod staff, is one of the greatest and most repulsive works which this monarch's memory has inspired. The father's frenzy of repentant fear and the son's

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Fig. 7. The Tempest at Cape Aia, by Aivazoski

hopeless agony are too often forgotten in the ghastly details of the wound and the welter of blood which covers the canvass.

The bitterness of creed against creed has found expression in Sourikov's *Boyarín Morosovov Being Carried to Execution*. She was one of the "old believers" who refused to accept the new liturgy confirmed at Jerusalem in 1672. The artist has succeeded admirably in portraying the different emotions of the crowd who see her conveyed to execution. *The Execution of the Streltsi* by the same author is one of the best known of Russian historical paintings.

K. E. Makovski (b. 1839) has achieved success in such different works as *The Ceremony of the Kiss* (Fig. 8) and *A Russian Wedding Feast* (Fig. 9). In the former he has not only given a gorgeous display of costume painting, but he has repeopled

one of the rooms in the Old Palace (perhaps now destroyed) in the Kremlin and preserved the memory of a unique mediaeval custom. In *The Roussalki* he has caught better than any other Russian artist the spirit of those eery sprites, the Roussalki, whose song may be heard by any believer on a May night in the splash of the water wheel or in the haunting chords of Dargamijski's opera or Poushkin's dramatic poem.

The Russian genre painters of this period display no individual national traits. So far as technique is concerned there is no "Russian School." These artists are inspired with the desire faithfully to portray Russian life in all its aspects—especially the life of the Russian peasants. They use the methods of painting common to all European artists of this period, their style resembling most closely that of contemporary German artists.

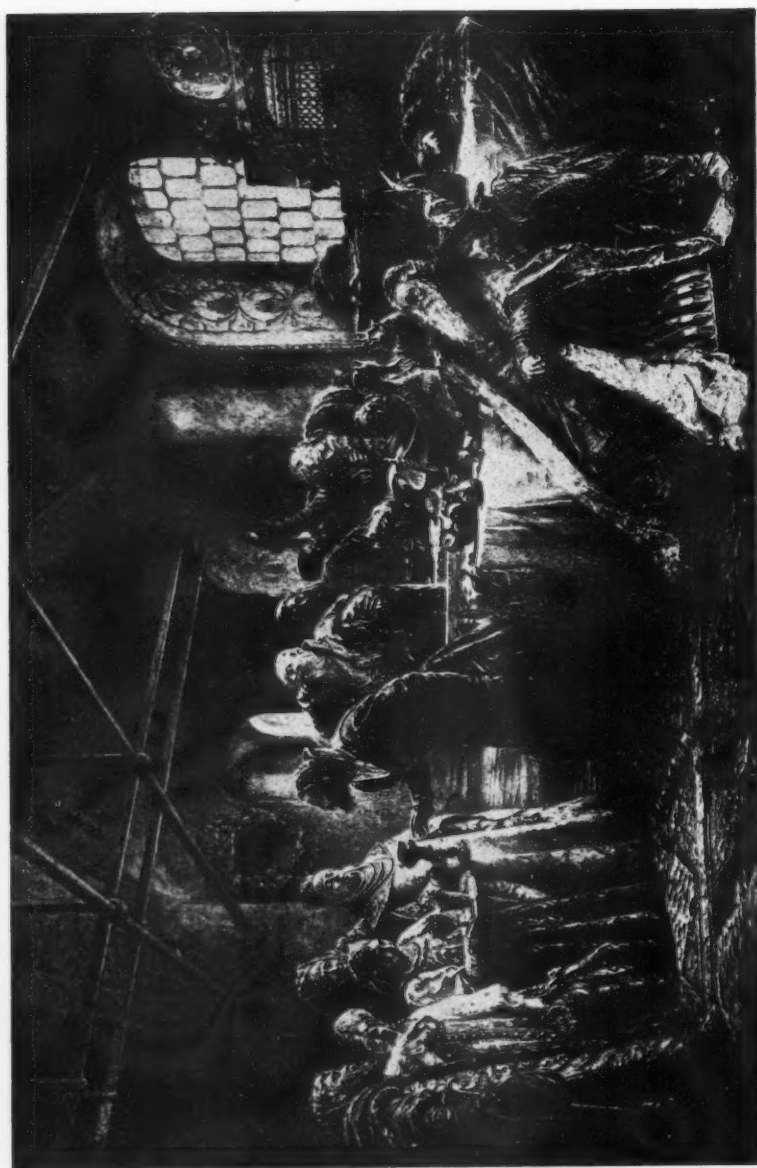


Fig. 8. The Ceremony of the Kiss, by K. E. Makovski

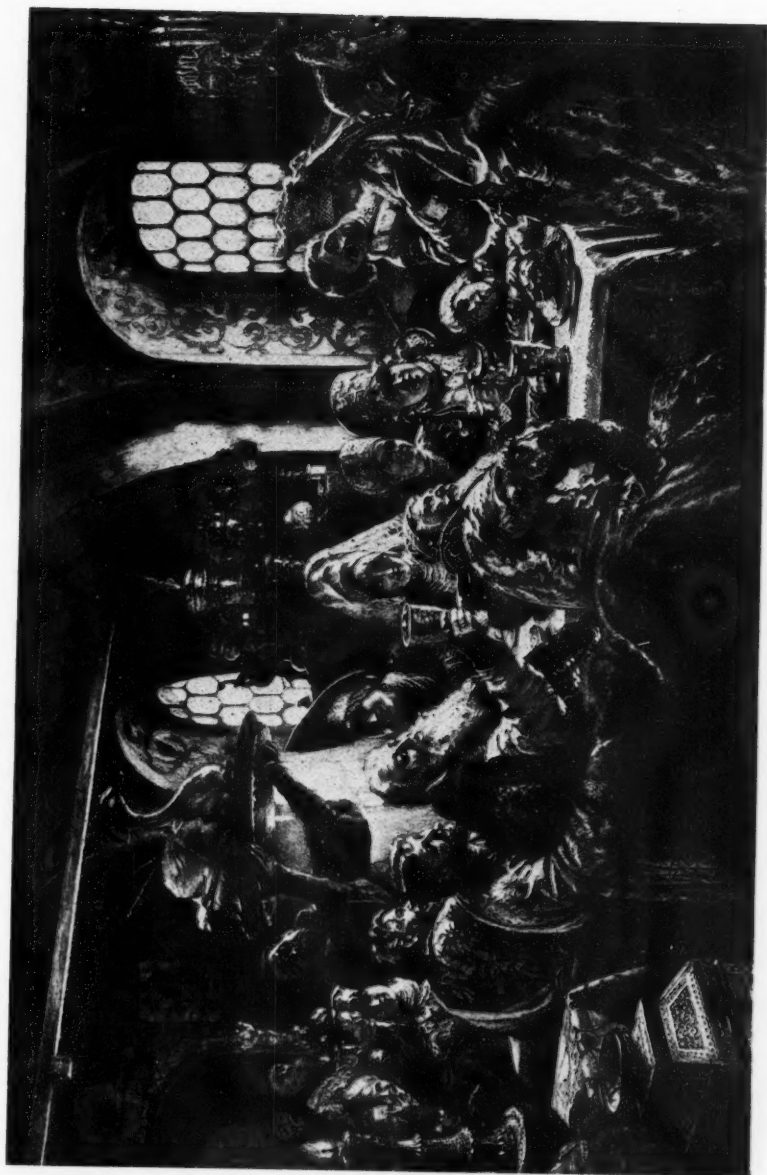


Fig. 9. A Russian Wedding Feast, by K. E. Makovski

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Fig.10. Czar Ivan Admiring Vasilissa Melentieva, by Sedov

In art their work has meant what "going in among the people" has meant to the social revolutionists. The Russian revolution could have been foretold from these canvasses with as much confidence as the history of France could be inferred from the eighteenth and nineteenth century paintings in the Louvre. This effort for sincere expression has produced, in another field, one of the most striking of all religious pictures, Polyenov's (b. 1844) *Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery* (Gallery of Alexander III). Perhaps nowhere in modern art has the Christ's face been made so well to express strength without anger, love without weakness.

Among the genre painters, V. Makovski (b. 1846, brother of K. E. Makovski) ranks easily first. In such scenes as *What have you done with the money?* and *Before the Justice* he is at his best. Sordid affairs, every-

day people, but the important historical fact is that these people are worth the artist's notice; the important artistic fact is that they are handled with a surety of touch that may be compared to similar work by the little Dutchmen. He also attains to singular excellence of expression in *The Bride's Attire* (Fig. 11). Makovski's *Bank Failure*—a much more ambitious and better known work—just fails to carry conviction. The grouping is a little too stiff, the struggle for variety of expression a little too evident.

V. M. Vasnetzov (b. 1848) and K. A. Savitski (b. 1845) deserve to be mentioned with Makovski. The former in his *Mountebanks* has accurately caught the spirit of a carefree holiday crowd. The events of the last four years lend special interest to the pathetic groups gathered before *The Latest News from the Front*. In



Fig. 11. The Bride's Attire, by V. Makovski

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Fig. 12. Ivan the Terrible, by Antokolski

difference, dejection, doubt and relief are all written there as they have been on the faces of many a group of Russian peasants since this picture was hung. Savitski's *Off to the War* also has a special appeal at this time. The abolition of the sale of vodka has made mobilization a much more orderly proceeding than it was in Savitski's day, but the stoical indifference, the calm despair

and frenzied grief of this picture are all too familiar to bear emphasis.

Among these artists of the late nineteenth century M. V. Nesterov (b. 1862) occupies a place by himself. His scenes are as purely Russian as those of the genre painters, but it is a very different Russia in which he is interested. His canvasses waft us from the sordid details and the pathetic trivialities of everyday life to the land which the devout peasant sees in imagination as he worships in the noble cathedral where the czars sleep and the music of the great choir quivers down the aisles, or as he bows in the humble shrine where once the great Peter lived, or as he patiently sings and waits for the healing sight of the Iberian Mother of God. In such paintings as *The Vision of the Child Bartholomew* and *The Veil* an infinite peace pervades the scene, a churchy stillness in which even the rustle of the white birches may not be heard. The lad, his vision and the landscape in which they live would vanish at the slightest sound and dissolve. The nuns file past with tapers white and slender as the birch trees which form for them a pillared aisle. They pass silently, "footfalls heard on wool," and are gone, but there abides the memory of saintly faces and ineffable peace.

Oberlin University



THE STATUARY OF C. S. PIETRO

MATTHEW MORGAN

CERTAIN slogans 'embodying great and fundamental truths in terse and vigorous language emanate from known or unknown sources to become popular catch phrases, accepted into current intercourse, and believed of all without inquiry or discrimination. In many cases this is an undoubted benefit and a propaganda of value; but, on the other hand, there are slogans of dangerous and corrupt tendency, which if sifted to their inner meaning should never be countenanced. We are so accustomed to permit others to do our thinking that if the phrase only sounds happy upon the tongue the multitude is apt to accept it at its face value. Without multiplying examples let us consider for a moment one phrase that is constantly heard and upon which unfortunately many people act in protest to their personal feelings. We are told that "*Art is a luxury*," and with this information drilled into our minds we are furthermore advised that Art for the present must go, and in the strange diction of Mayor Hylan, the "Art artist" is recommended to take a vacation.

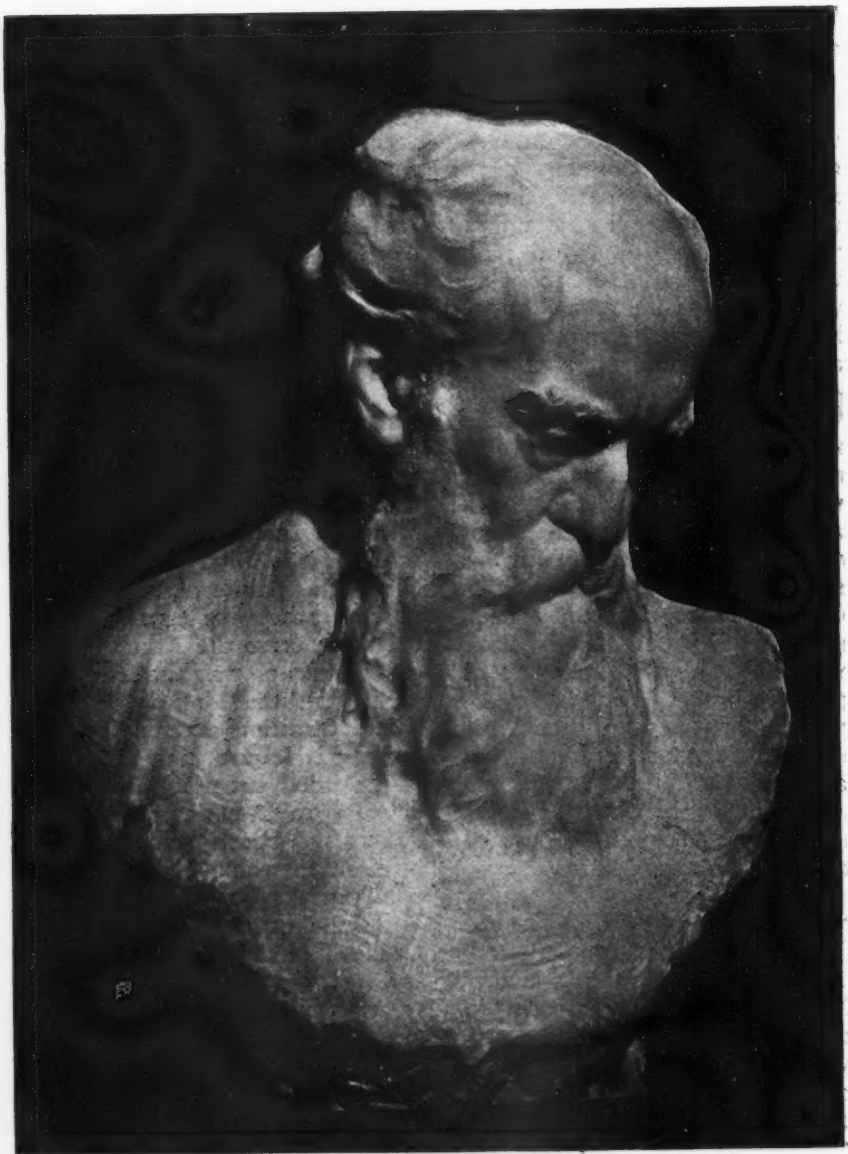
Far from being a luxury, Art is now, and at all times, a necessity. The fact that the world is directly or indirectly embroiled in warfare, before which all precedents pale, is no valid reason for lowering the curtain upon one of the strongest appeals to the spiritual side of our natures that we possess. If Art is to be suppressed, or cold-shouldered, then why not suppress music, drama, literature and religious worship, for there is no gainsaying the fact that without these blessings

we could still continue to draw breath, we refrain from saying live.

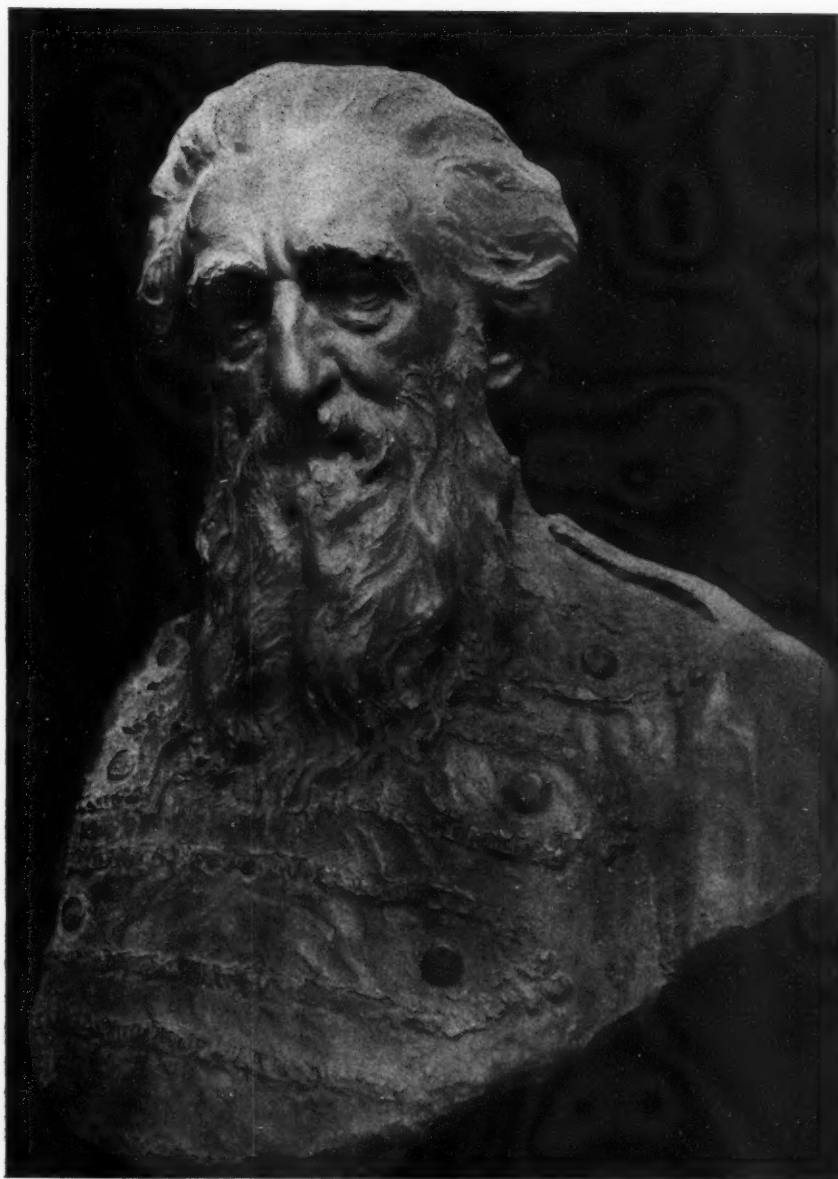
After a long sojourn upon the interminable plains of art, where the rank and file holds contented encampment, the vanguard is halted in the foothills whilst some few of our American artists today are preparing for higher flights towards the peaks which are accessible only to solitary souls hardy enough and sufficiently equipped to conquer the difficulties of the upward flight.

Of all the arts which today present the greatest difficulties but in compensation offer the highest guerdon must be reckoned sculpture. The reason of this is not far to seek. The sculptor is infinitely more handicapped than the painter, architect or any pursuing the Fine Arts. In the older cultures across the Atlantic where the great sculptor was the friend of monarchs and the idol of the populace, where tradition and environment beguiled his leisure moments, the artist commanded success. Today, and especially in America, the artist has not as yet been accorded the lofty position to which his attainments entitle him.

To the ordinary sculptor life is a treadmill of expense and anxiety. The architect but seldom needs his services, official orders from government or cities hardly cause a ripple upon the lake of American Sculpture, so that the artist is more or less dependent upon the whims of some wealthy patron anxious to see himself and family replicaed in bronze or marble, in sumptuous libraries or corridors, or in appropriate niches in city



John Burroughs, by C. S. Pietro



General Booth of the Salvation Army, by C. S. Pietro



Mrs. W. E. Bock, of Toledo, by C. S. Pietro

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halls and institutes. The sculptor who has not been discovered by some plutocrat with artistic tendencies is thrown upon his own resources, with the choice of compelling attention by some great work which may never be ordered but which will cost him infinite time and toil to produce even in clay, or else of manufacturing figurettes to be cast in bronze or marble prior to being listed by the few big concerns which make a specialty of commercializing artistic products. Then again a fountain design may find favor without encroaching too severely upon a restricted purse. In none of the other arts are the expenses of production so severe and the chances of a sale so limited. It is a common saying that American Sculpture has not advanced, that we have no successor to the mantle of St. Gaudens. Just as opportunity makes a thief, so opportunity makes a sculptor. This has been demonstrated at the different expositions at Chicago, St. Louis and Panama. Given the proper encouragement, American sculpture will command as high a position in the world of art as that of any other country, but the plant in order to thrive needs the watering-can besides fostering care.

Amongst the artists unwilling to dally in the interminable plains along with the rank and file, but striding out into the foothills ever ready to storm the heights, is Pietro, whose patronymic betokens his origin, but whose ten years of American residence and stern devotion to glyptic art have made into a cosmopolitan artist of distinction at an age when most men are far distant from the *limen* of success. General recognition so easy in a small community is necessarily slow in so vast a country as the United States, the more especially that art outside of

a few big cities is almost a negligible factor. To be a great salesman, or a combative politician, is a claim to distinction to which the artist cannot at present approximate. Gutzon Borglum is more likely to acquire notoriety throughout the States for his controversy at Washington than may ever accrue to him for his statues of Ruskin. However, in the quarter where cognizance of art matters obtains, the name of Pietro is no stranger, and when his latest work is seen, there will be still less inclination to ask "Who is Pietro?" Until however, the enterprise in which he is now absorbed is ready to be seen and judged, it would be unfair to pass any comment.

Avoiding biological references and data it is sufficient to say that Pietro after a few preliminary years of comparative struggle amongst strangers in a strange land attracted the interest of the Morgan family by a strongly modelled bust of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, which in their estimation excelled by far the work of other artists. Replicas in marble and bronze were ordered, and from this moment, five years since, his career may be said to have commenced. A succession of commissions for busts of famous people has not, however, prevented Pietro from hewing direct in the marble many ideal busts of great beauty and distinction. Always traditional, imbued with a fine regard for form and pattern, Pietro has never felt sympathy for neo-classicism nor has he ever succumbed to radicalism. With a proper reverence for the early Greeks tempered by the Gothic tradition he is an independent, free of the conventions of the schools and the formulas of academies. Like Michelangelo and Rodin he looks to nature

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George Vanderbilt. Younger son of Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, by C. S. Pietro

and life alone to guide his ideas. A monument to General Booth, which occupied many months of study and achievement, gave full play to his abilities in the field of design and architecture. At the top of a column the General was modelled, two needy figures at his feet, standing with bowed head in token of the suffering that he saw around him and which he spent his life in relieving, while against a wall meeting the column, in bas-relief, a procession of unfortunates and outcasts picturesquely explained his humane mission. This fine conception, when ready to be cast, was

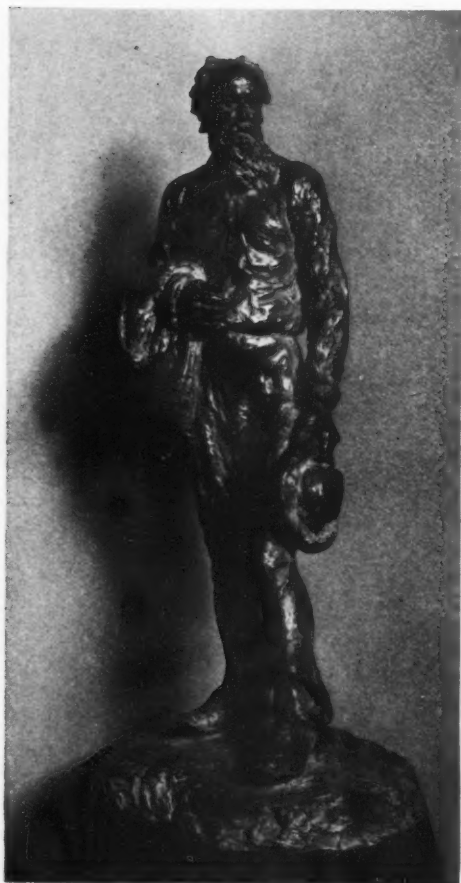
consumed by fire along with dozens of finished sketches, bronzes and marbles, the accumulation of years of study and labour. Such an experience would have daunted many another, but Pietro possesses a very gentle, confiding nature combined with extraordinary fortitude and did not permit this terrible reverse to interfere either with his peace of mind or with his work.

Amongst many notabilities who have sat to Pietro may be mentioned Mrs. Shepherd and the two Gould children, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. E. Bock, of Toledo, and her daughter; Professor Van Hise, the well-known geologist and president of the Wisconsin University, John Muir and John Burroughs. The different presentments of the famous poet and naturalist show the intimate knowledge of the octogenarian that Pietro has acquired by frequent intercourse with him and a thorough acquaintance with his life and writings. The debonair, carelessly garbed out-of-door nature-lover has been executed in bronze and marble in different positions in which the artist has discovered him during visits to his home in the Berkshires. The last work in bronze represents John Burroughs seated upon a boulder in a characteristic attitude with the right hand shading his eyes as though peering into the infinite beyond. Nothing could be happier in conception and execution. This work was acquired by Mr. W. E. Bock, who at first intended to place it on a terrace in his beautiful home at Toledo, but who on second thought determined that this truly excellent statue should make a more universal appeal. He consequently donated it to the Toledo Museum, and in the month of April, in the presence of John Burroughs himself, surrounded by 40,000 school



Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, by C. S. Pietro

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John Burroughs, by C. S. Pietro

children and 10,000 guests, the unveiling took place in honor of his 81st birthday. Such gifts are infrequent and reflect great honour not only upon the donor, in this case Mr. W. E. Bock, but likewise upon the museum that accepts the gift, and so worthily celebrates its instalment.

A bust of Mrs. W. E. Bock is a most dignified and tender presentment beautifully modelled and extremely graceful in pattern. This with the bust of Mrs. W. K. Vander-

bilt reveals Pietro's great aptness in the gracious portrayal of fine feminine types.

Some recent designs for an out-of-door fountain to be set up in the grounds of Mr. Bock show great distinction of line and pattern, a fine entity being obtained in a sketch entitled "The Summit" which has since been converted into marble. It represents a young mother bending over a chubby infant whose right arm and hand rest confidently upon the mother's encircling left; deep shadows below the faces bringing out in beautiful relief the contours of a superbly modelled arm. The encountering heads of mother and child softly inclined are led up to by all the rhythmic lines of the composition. The sentiment is not strained and the group is duly monumental.

A group in bronze entitled "Mother of the Dead" attracted considerable attention in New York, and at the Panama Exposition. The sculptor portrayed life-size an old woman of the people seated, gathering to her gaunt ill-nourished frame a child that looks out wonderingly into a world that so far has done precious little for him. The grandmother's face bent over the child is almost stolid in a grief that has passed into seeming indifference. Her sons slaughtered, her protection of the child a farcical effort of a life almost spent, the hopelessness of the outlook is reflected in every part of a powerful composition. The gnarled hand with swollen joints, the poor drooping breasts pendent from her bony chest, preach a terrible lesson to those responsible. Pietro's message is not often of this nature, for to him the beautiful appeals and not the sordid. In another group called "Inspiration," in many ways the best



Mother and Child, by C. S. Pietro

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ideal work that he has ever produced, we have an old couple, life-size again, where the woman is looking upward with firm and impassioned belief in the Almighty who will not fail them in their old age. The man much older than the woman stands or rather totters behind her, his head bent over upon her shoulder in childlike faith that she will henceforth take the helm and provide the little that they need. There is no despair here but on the contrary a hopeful outlook in the exchanged responsibility. The provider has become the provided for.

In all Pietro's work one sees the same sincere effort, a great knowledge, a bold incisive expression for his men which yields to great tenderness and restraint when portraying women and children. Warmth and colour are felt and what is most important always the feeling of life and movement. His love for Michelangelo and reverence for the Renaissance and for Rodin haunt his imagination, but he assimilates without imitation. Whilst there is no

reason for discontinuing the practice of art until national issues have been decided, but on the contrary a hundred reasons for increased activity in every branch, the artist must nevertheless be guided and influenced to a large extent by the world drama which is slowly but surely being unfolded. The craftsman today who can continue painting pretty meadows populated by placid sheep or blue hills playing sentry to serene hamlets, or who is content to model pretty mermaids and smiling fauns, is not living with the times and needs to reconstruct his program. To the credit of the artists be it said that most of them are making their abilities subservient to the general cause and Pietro is no exception. The work in which he is now engaged is patriotic to the core and will help further to stimulate the good feeling and fellowship which now prevail between us and our allies, but which shall continue for all time. And all art that tends to this is a necessity.

ONE OF THE TEMPLES AT PAESTUM

Denied for aye the priestly orison,
The pomp and pageantry you knew of yore,
You grace in lonely loveliness the shore,
And lend the secret of your soul to none.
What deity was worshipped at your shrine?
What pious maiden met her lover here?
What Grecian exiles dreamed your beauty, year
On year? The voice of silence answers mine.

The sacred dust of emperors idly blows
About your porch—song echoes wander there;
The breath of Greek and Roman sage—who knows?
Is gathered in the crystalline sea air
That lightly stirs the fragrant summer rose,
Entwining as of old your columns fair.

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY.



The Dying Tecumseh, by Pettrich E. Figili

THE AMERICAN INDIAN IN SCULPTURAL ART

H. CHADWICK HUNTER

IN a paper entitled "The Origin and Destruction of a National Indian Portrait Gallery," published in the "Holmes Anniversary Volume," Mr. F. W. Hodge tells of a movement by the War Department to gather a collection of Indian pictures nearly a century ago. Thomas Loraine McKenney, of Georgetown (now a part of Washington), D. C., at the suggestion of Lewis Cass, commissioned James Otto Lewis, of Detroit, to paint sixteen portraits of Indians in watercolor, at five dollars each, "to match those which have already been taken of chiefs in this city." These paintings became the nucleus of the gallery in the formation and growth of

which McKenney was the chief spirit.

Charles Bird King, who had been a pupil of Benjamin West, painted many of the portraits, other painters contributing also. Mr. Hodge's memoir reviews the history of this early effort to accord the Indian a place in the painters' art. The movement, however, received a death-blow in the almost total destruction of the gallery by fire in the Smithsonian Institution in January 1865, only a few of the portraits by King and Stanley being saved. Later a collection of Indian portraits and scenes by George Catlin was acquired and is now in the National Museum. The purpose of these early efforts was ethnological



The Sun Vow, by Hermon A. MacNeil

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rather than aesthetic, differing thus from the more modern work which regards the Indian largely as a subject for pictorial art, a condition well illustrated in Ernest Peixotto's article in *Scribners Magazine* for August, 1916, and by Paul A. F. Walter in *Art and Archaeology* for December, 1916. The former reproduces Couse's "Making Pottery" and the latter Henri's "Diegito." The latter, and other illustrations in the magazines referred to, make plain the decided adaptability of such subjects not only to paintings but to sculptural treatment.

The inaccessibility of the wild Indian until comparatively recent years has had a deterrent effect on any plan that artists might have to make him the subject of their studies. Even today many discomforts attend painting the Indian at home, as oftentimes he is far from the beaten routes of travel. The experienced painter and sculptor naturally hesitate to attempt such subjects save in the atmosphere of the wilds—in surroundings not too greatly disturbed by Caucasian hands. Mr. Francis E. Leupp, former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, speaking of the white man's ignorance of the Indian, says: "A prime consideration of our knowledge of any man is that we shall see him against his own background, commune with him in his varying moods, breathe his atmosphere."

Somewhat limited reference is found in literature to the Indian in the painter's art. Dr. Herman ten Kate's paper "On Paintings of North American Indians and their Ethnographic Value," published in 1910, is probably the only extended and authoritative treatise of the subject, and there appears to have been even less published on the Indian in sculpture until the

article by Frank Owen Payne appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* for February, 1917. Almost exclusively ten Kate discusses painting, the only exception being a brief reference to an Indian on horseback, nude, save for war-bonnet and moccasins, by A. Phimister Proctor, "This statue," says Dr. ten Kate, "received gold medals at the Paris and St. Louis Expositions, showing once more that the American Indian is a worthy subject for sculpture as well as painting."

The noted chief Tecumseh, killed in battle in 1813, was probably one of the first Indian subjects employed by a sculptor. The figure in marble of this celebrated Indian, by Pettrich E. Figili, 1856, is of heroic size and shows him fatally wounded and prostrate, still grasping his tomahawk. It is to be regretted that this early effort in sculptural art was not applied to a more cheerful episode in the life of the great chief. This statue is now exhibited in the United States National Museum.

Frank Owen Payne, in the article above mentioned, refers to an Indian statue executed in spelter by Carl Muller in 1848, that was later used as a "cigar store Indian." The subsequent history of this work is unknown, but doubtless it was humiliating enough.

Recently the interest in the Indian as a subject for artistic treatment has been greatly augmented, especially in the Pueblo region of our Southwest, which is fast becoming a Mecca for painters and sculptors. Here a group of artists has accomplished a noteworthy achievement in the organization of the Taos Society of Artists, the object being the graphic embodiment on canvas and in stone and bronze of the more picturesque rep-

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End of the Trail, by James Earl Fraser

representatives of the town-building Indians, these people remaining in a measure unchanged by contact with their white neighbors. This movement is most commendable and may do much even at this late day toward giving the Red Race that place in art which it so well deserves.

Although the hunter tribes are fast vanishing, one can hardly dissociate the Indian and the life of the Great West. Frederick Remington's "Off

the Plains" makes one feel the proximity of Indians, notwithstanding the fact that none are present in the group of wild riders. In the "Mounted Man," in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Remington has given us a telling work, in which is shown an Indian descending a declivity, exhibiting his masterly horsemanship. No painter or sculptor knows the Indians better than did Remington, who lived for years in intimate contact with them.

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The Indian Orpheus, by E. W. Deming

Strangely enough, the horse in sculptured Indian subjects never seems out of place, but is in fact, in such thorough harmony with the rider as to make one feel that the two had been in association for a thousand years. In such works as Dallin's "Appeal to the Great Spirit," Fraser's "End of the Trail," and Moretti's "Guyasuta," the companionship and even kinship of man and horse are made manifest.

When first introduced into America by way of Mexico, ridden by the soldiers of Cortes, man and horse were regarded by the natives as one, as a real centaur, and for a long time they regarded the noble beast with such superstitious awe that in some parts, as in Yucatan, his image was carved in stone and set up probably as an object of veneration.

Indian mythology affords a rich

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The Medicine Man, by Hermon A. MacNeil

field for the painter and sculptor. The Indian imagination, having reveled in poetic conceptions born of superstition and the spirit world, is peopled

with marvelous, even monstrous, and almost endless beings that may well claim a place in the art of the world. The work of Edward Willard Deming illustrates the availability of this class of motives. Better known as a painter, Mr. Deming has produced several small subjects in bronze depicting the mythical association of the Indian with the wild animals of mountain and plain. He lived with the Indians for many years and absorbed much of their lore before it had been modified by contact with the white man. In his works Mr. Deming displays great familiarity with the distinguishing tribal differences, and a thorough appreciation of the ancient myths, many of which are more attractive than those which are better known at the present day. His "Return from the Hunt" is a sketch in plaster only, but is a new interpretation of an old theme. The "Indian Orpheus" portrays the artist's intimacy with the Indian and his mythology. The "Toiler of the Plains" is a figure of an old woman bent with age and leaning upon a primitive implement that serves the purpose of a hoe, recalling Markham's lines:

"Through this dread shape the suffering ages look
Time's tragedy in that aching stoop."

Hermon A. MacNeil's "Sun Vow," exhibited in Paris in 1900 and now owned by the Corcoran Gallery of Art, is indeed a striking piece of sculpture. The figures are true to the Indian type and no detail has been neglected that would enhance the esthetic and ethnologic value of the group. The boy has discharged his arrow in the face of the glowing orb and the attention of father and son is concentrated on its flight of mystery.

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In the accompanying illustration the brilliant rays that fall upon the group suggests to the mind the response of the sun to the mission of the arrow. "The Moqui Prayer for Rain" in the Chicago Art Institute, and "Multnomah," one of the figures in the group, "The Coming of the White Man," at Portland, Oregon, are others of MacNeil's successful works. "The Medicine Man" is strongly modeled and conveys at once a sense of the power the shaman wields over his tribe.

No other American sculptor has devoted himself quite so exclusively to the Indian or with greater success than Cyrus E. Dallin. His "Appeal to the Great Spirit," "The Medicine Man" (silver medals Paris Exposition, 1900, and Pan-American Exposition, 1901), and "The Scout" (Gold medal, Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915) are noteworthy productions representing the Indian on horseback. Mr. Dallin's work especially commends itself to us in its expression of the purely mystical. The "Appeal to the Great Spirit" is a majestic piece that expresses its concept clearly, while "The Medicine Man" and "The Scout" suggest all that their titles imply. Other large single-figure works by Mr. Dallin are "Massasoit," to be erected at Plymouth, Mass., in 1920; "Sagawea," the woman who guided the Lewis and Clark expedition, and "Indian Hunter." Some of the smaller pieces, miniatures or statuettes, are "Cayuse at Spring," "On the War-path," "Chief Washakie" of the Shoshone tribe, "Pretty Eagle" of the Crow tribe, "Chief Joseph," "Chief Antelope," "Indian Archer," "Standing Elk," "Indian Hunter," and "Peace Pipe." It is regretted that space forbids the presentation of more than one of these noteworthy subjects.

Mr. Dallin's "Indian Hunter" is a forcefully modeled figure in the attitude of stooping, as if to dip water from a spring. A gun which rests obliquely against the hunter's leg is, however, not quite at home with the Indian subject and may almost be thought of as a discordant note. This statue would possess high decorative value if placed after the manner employed by the Fairmount Park Art Association in the distribution of some of its monuments.

Daniel C. French has slighted us somewhat by making such limited use of the Indian, yet he has introduced him into three of his masterpieces. In "Continents," one of the four bronze groups in front of the Customs House in New York, America is represented by the figure of an Indian, a tribute to the original possessor of the Western world. Another instance of the master's appreciation of the value of the Indian in art is seen in the Longfellow Memorial at Cambridge, where the bust of the poet stands in front of a relief in bronze representing six of the chief characters in the poet's *Hiawatha*. A third work in which Mr. French has introduced the Indian is the Francis Parkman Memorial overlooking Jamaica Pond, near Boston, "Pontiac" appearing in striking relief at the base of the monument.

Fortunately we are enabled to illustrate J. Massey Rhind's heroic bronze statue of "The Scout," a strikingly vigorous figure, magnificent in a wonderfully wrought war-bonnet. Mr. Rhind's most famous work is the fountain in Bushnell Park, Hartford, the figures of which are of heroic size and illustrate four epochs of Indian history. Mr. Payne describes this fountain in *Munsey's Magazine* for

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The Scout, by Cyrus E. Dallin

February, as follows: ¶ "Around the ample base of the fountain stand four aborigines. The first, dressed in a skin robe, is spearing fish as in the primitive days of his tribe. The second, shading his eyes with his right hand, gazes forth to descry something afar off—the coming of the white man. The third, with tomahawk raised aloft to strike, is the defiant warrior of a race that could be more easily exterminated than conquered." Quoting Charles

Dudley Warner, Mr. Payne continues: "With the fourth and last figure a great change comes. The Indian is making signs of amity and asking for peace. The war hatchet is underneath the sitting figure. In his right hand he holds the pipe of peace, and the left is held up in a deprecatory attitude. The face is very noble, the finest type of the aboriginal character."

Guiseppe Moretti's "Guyasuta," to be erected in Pittsburgh is a most

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America (a detail of "Continents"), by Daniel C. French

noteworthy and beautiful piece of sculpture, highly decorative in treatment. Though an Italian by birth Mr. Moretti is deeply appreciative of all that relates to the American Indian.

In "Weenonah," a detail of a fountain in Central Park at Winona, Minn., Miss Isabel M. Kimball displays the graceful figure of a huntress dressed in tribal costume and armed as the American Diana should be, with bow and arrow.

The picturesque and historically celebrated Sacagawea, of the Shoshone tribe, was the wife of Toussaint Charbonneau, a French Canadian voyageur who lived among the Hidatsa, a Siouan tribe of the upper Missouri River. On their expedition through this region Lewis and Clark engaged Sacagawea, who had been captured and sold to Charbonneau when about fourteen years of age and desired to return to her people, as an interpreter. Monu-

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The Scout, by J. Massey Rhind

ments to this noted woman have been erected at Bismark, N. D., by Leonard Crunelle, at St. Louis, by Bruno Zimm, and at Portland, Oregon, by Alice Cooper. These points, it is interesting to note, mark the beginning, middle, and end of the explorer's trail.

George Julian Zolnay has recently completed a statue of "Sequoya," the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet, who was born about 1760 and died about 1843. He was the son of a white man and a Cherokee woman of mixed blood. The commission to design the "Sequoya" statue was given to Mrs. Binnie Ream Hoxie, and on her death Mr. Zolnay was asked to carry the work to completion. It is a gift by the State of Oklahoma and

will be placed in Statuary Hall in the United States Capitol. In utilizing the blanket as a conspicuous feature of this statue the sculptor emphasizes three essential characteristics of the red race: He conveys even to the casual observer the fact that Sequoya was of Indian descent; he makes the statue a tribute not merely to Sequoya the individual, but to the entire Cherokee nation; he invests the figure with a monumental quality otherwise not attainable.

"Pocahontas," William Ordway Partridge's statue is shortly to be erected at Jamestown, Virginia, by The Pocahontas Memorial Association. Mr. Partridge has made excellent use of his interesting subject; the young girl is represented in an attitude of entreaty, as she might have appeared in appealing to Powhatan, her father, for Captain John Smith's life. It is a masterly work. By reason of the alleged romance of her life, Pocahontas is perhaps the most famous feminine character in early American history. She was a mere girl when she is said to have saved Captain John Smith from death, and although the verity of this and of other exploits attributed to Pocahontas is questioned, she married John Rolfe and was converted to Christianity and baptized under the name of "Lady Rebecca."

John J. Boyle's "The Stone Age in America," in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is a noteworthy example of our sculptured Indian subjects. "The Arrow Dance" and "The Fire Dance" by Louis Potter are charmingly modeled and are the embodiment of action. Humphries' "Bear Dance" and "Taking Aim" are beautiful interpretations, as are also Horter's "Hopi Snake Dance," Saint-Gaudens' "Hiawatha," and Siemering's "Recumbent Indians."

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Guyasuta, by Giuseppe Moretti

Miranda's "Primitive Man" is characterized by a most unusual attitude, and "The Buffalo Hunt" by Charles M. Russell is a striking group.

Taft's colossal "Black Hawk" needs no description here; a wonderful conception masterfully carried out. Borglum's "On the Border of the White Man's Land" is a decidedly interesting theme, whereas Weinmann's group, "The Destiny of the Redman," is a remarkable motif presenting symboli-

cally the final story of the Indian. Paul Manship's "Indian Hunter" depicts a theme frequently employed, and Brines' "Niagara" likewise illustrates a well-known story. Theodore Baur's "Bust" is a strong portrait, as is also Olin Warner's medallion of "Chief Joseph."

Among Indian sculptures produced by women are "Squaw" by Maude F. Jewett, "Indian Woman" by Florence Lucius, and "Indian Fountain" by

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Enid Yandell. Indian subjects modeled in clay by Emry Kopta of Polacca, Arizona, are attracting attention. The Hopi tribe with which he lives furnishes most of his attractive subjects.

Mr. Payne interestingly says: "Many phases of aboriginal life are portrayed by our American sculptors." Olin Warner and Adolph Weinmann have given us ethnologically correct portraits. Frederick Remington and Solon Borglum have presented the savage of the plains in paint and



Pocahontas, by William Ordway Partridge



Weenonah, by Isabel M. Kimball

feathers. Hermon A. MacNeil and Louis Potter have shown us his ceremonials, Cyrus E. Dallin reveals his intensely spiritual nature, and to Mahour Young we owe glimpses of his home life; these interpretations especially in addition to other qualities desirable in sculpture."

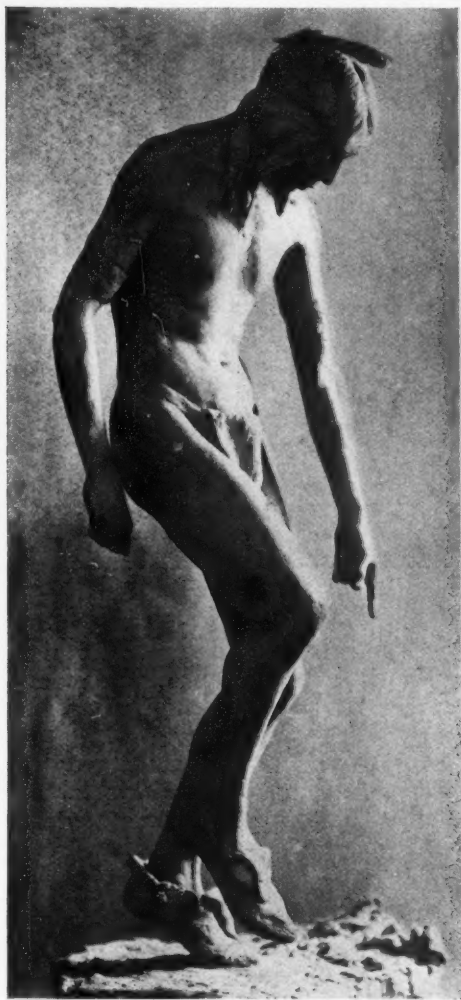
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Bird Woman (Sacagawea), by Leonard Crunelle

Space limitations do not permit extended description of the subjects illustrated; it is our purpose rather to show their character graphically an illustration being much more telling than a written description. In some

of the works mentioned it is obvious that the themes might have been less commonplace, in view of the wide range of available data. We have aimed especially, however, to indicate by what has already been done by the sculptors and also by our accumulating knowledge of his myths, religion, and mode of life, how valuable the Indian



The Arrow Dancer, by Louis Potter

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The Destiny of the Redman, by Adolph A. Weinman

is as a subject for sculpture. Certainly no people lend themselves more readily in this respect than the aboriginal Americans.

The writer desires to express his appreciation and indebtedness for aid to the sculptors here represented; to the Gorham Company, of New York;

to the Jno. Williams, Inc., Bronze Foundry, New York; to the Roman Bronze Company, Brooklyn, and to Mr. Frank Owen Payne, who generously permitted the use of many photographs that had been lent him for reproduction in an article on the same general subject.





CURRENT NOTES AND NEWS

The Boy and Goose

THE accompanying group is the best of more than fifty ancient representations of the same subject and may, perhaps, be assigned to Boethus of Calchedon. The original was a bronze work of the Hellenistic period, while the marble copy from which our cast was made was acquired many years ago for the Glyptothek in Munich from the Palazzo Braschi in Rome.

In ancient Greece the goose was a playmate of children, as a dog or goat might be today, so that what is here represented is such a dooryard scene as was likely to be duplicated in the experience of any young compatriot of Achilles. But it is more than a photograph of a mock-heroic episode, exhibiting two excellently modeled figures and a contest of wills and strength, for the artist, being a Greek, has idealized and generalized this five-year-old boy until he is typical of the boy of that age in every land and clime.

What one gets from the contemplation of a work of art is what one gives to it, whether it be understanding or emotion. We may not have had the experience of our young hero but the scene is so simply laid and the story so clearly related that we cannot misunderstand. Pathos is not represented in

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the figures themselves, but a feeling of envy arises in the heart of the beholder and he longs for innocence and freedom such as this. Historically the group belongs to the period of dissatisfaction and disappointment that followed the ascendancy of Alexander of Macedon and the end of Greek democracy and independence. The plea it makes for the simple life finds its best parallel in the *Idylls* of Theocritus and the *Eclogues* of Virgil.

University of California

OLIVER M. WASHBURN.

On Bronzing Plaster Casts

TO those who would change the glaring whiteness of plaster casts into an artistic metallic effect of surprising visual conviction, the color treatment of the "Boy with the Goose" may be of interest, particularly since the process is simple and inexpensive, calling for little technical knowledge.

The plaster cast should first be carefully dusted, preferably by blowing. Then a coat of yellow shellac dissolved in wood alcohol should be given it to destroy the hygroscopic action of the plaster. After a short interval, a uniform coat of gold bronze in liquid form may be put over the whole cast. In a few hours, a transparent "sauce" of raw umber, a little ochre or black, ground in oil and diluted with turpentine, should be uniformly applied with the brush, to be quickly rubbed off wherever an effect of the underlying gold is wanted. It is at this point, in determining the final effect of the work, that some artistic judgment on the part of the worker will be required. To spread the "sauce" evenly, a large dry soft brush or cheese cloth should be used in a stippling manner. All this must naturally be done quickly so as to take fullest advantage of the quickly drying oil color. Finally viridian, sometimes with slight addition of cobalt, may be used in certain places to suggest the patina of age.

The entire treatment could well be given within one day, although several hours of rest after each distributive phase would be more desirable to prevent a softening of the underlying coat. Aside from the purely aesthetic gain, plaster casts treated in the above manner are more easily kept clean and not so quickly broken, if carelessly handled.

University of California

EUGEN NEUHAUS

Art on "Avenue of Allies," New York City

THE artists of New York, sculptors and painters, have long been seeking a great exhibition gallery in which to show their paintings and sculpture. The war has given it to them for the period of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, and they have used their opportunity for the most unselfish end, dedicating their exhibits to the service of their country and doing some of their finest work gratuitously in order to persuade the public to the utmost of zeal in buying bonds and putting an end to bondage. The exhibition has been planned and arranged under the direction of L. C. Boochever, Chief of the Window Displays Bureau, Liberty Loan Committee; Augustus V. Tack, Chairman of the Sub-division of the Art Advisory Committee, and Lieut. H. Ledyard Towle. From 27 St. to 59 St., on both sides of Fifth Ave., every prominent establishment has offered its windows, and these constitute the exhibition gallery provided for

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the artists by the war—one decorated with all the splendor and pomp of victory, along the fairest avenue of the world, and open for the next two weeks to the largest public ever invited to an art exhibition. Certainly such conditions should inspire co-operative effort of a high order, and the result shows that the artists, who rank among the foremost in the country, have not been dull of mind or heart in meeting the unusual requirements.

A carefully selected list of painters and sculptors was prepared by the committee in preparation for the plan of showing their exhibits on Fifth Ave., a plan unique in the history of cities, and the artists were asked to do a definite thing—namely, to paint or model a subject for some specific window, the motive of the work in each instance to be patriotic in character and to relate especially to the Liberty Loan drive. The invitation was accepted without exception. The work was ready on time and in place, and today forms part of a scene that never can be forgotten by anyone fortunate enough to be one of the public thronging New York.

"In the windows of the shops the pictures and statues are hard put to it to hold their own in interest against the bannered beauty of the street itself, but they are doing it, and are communicating their one message with a dashing vivacity in accord with the visible spirit of these courageous days. It is inspiring to find such veterans of art as Edwin Blashfield, Gari Melchers, Francis and Bolton Jones, William Ritschel, Waugh, Whittemore, Herbert Adams and others standing shoulder to shoulder with the younger men and showing no less fire and vigor than they; showing, indeed, in certain instances, even a livelier appreciation of the significance of the hour and its appropriate task.

New York Times

Rheims as a World Shrine

APPOSITELY enough the great cathedral of Rheims in its present state of unrelieved and hideous ruin more or less exemplifies the mystic utterance of the Scriptures that he who loses his life will gain it. For in ruins, the famous fane, celebrated alike for the long association of its site with the conversion of the pagans of Roman France to the new faith, and its later traditions as the shrine of the French kings about which clustered the brave history of many centuries, becomes something greater than a local, or even a national, or a religious structure. It becomes at once in the imagination of men "the cathedral," since it is the sign and symbol of the envenomed hate of the German invaders; hate that vented its rage for no reason save that that moves the savages who run amuck blindly and slay in impotent fury. The cathedral just as it reveals itself, therefore, as a great shrine of humanity that, so long as one stone is heaped on another in seemingly unmeaning confusion, will tell a story that the world will never forget and that will shame to the end of time the memory of the worse than beasts that destroyed it.

Whatever the loving hand of sectaries and the people of France may ordain for the shell-torn carcass of the soul of medievalism—the thing that was so supremely beautiful that all the world reacted to the reproductions of its appeal that art, its handmaiden, had so bountifully provided—even if, as is asserted, restoration be impossible in any sense of the word and will not be attempted,

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makes small difference. It is the mere broken, mass of material still rising above the destroyed town in some semblance of the original structure that will count with a terrible eloquence that the cathedral in all its glory even lacked. The war lords have committed many atrocities; they stayed their hand at no human slaughter, not even that that must be mentioned with lowered voice and blanched cheek; but their supreme atrocity was the effort to blot out Rheims. Torturing the body they aimed thus at the soul of France through the destruction of Rheims, and what the triumphant answer is all the world knows. They have failed, failed ignobly, as is natural to men of their inhuman misunderstanding, and they know it.

The cathedral of Rheims as it is today, therefore, is the enduring monument of their wickedness which forever will be used to lead men's thoughts into those channels that stand for the higher things that concern humanity as a whole. This is the great symbolic role the cathedral will play. And so long as it lasts Germany will stand abased in the presence of its torn walls, every stone of which becomes consecrated through its martyrdom. For losing the old Rheims has gained a new life.

Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

The Archaeology of Italy's African Dependencies

THE archaeology of the Cyrenaica and the Tripolitania has a special interest for ourselves by reason of the expedition of the Archaeological Institute of America which explored part of those regions and began the systematic excavation of Cyrene itself in the period before the Italian occupation. The thorough study of these important remains on the part of the Italian government, and their adequate publication in war time, deserve special recognition as illustrating the serious manner in which Italy of today is shouldering its responsibilities as a torch-bearer in the race of civilization.

At Cyrene itself, not far from the famous Fountain of Apollo, there have been excavated some baths of the Roman period, the structure of which incorporates some well built walls of earlier date. It was here that there had been found by chance, as the result of a heavy rain-storm in 1915, the incomparable "Aphrodite of Cyrene," which now is one of the chief treasures of the Museo delle Terme in Rome, and the admirable statue of a Satyr holding the infant Dionysus. The thorough excavation of these baths has resulted not only in the disclosure of an interesting architectural unit, but in the recovery of no less than eighteen statues which formed its adornment in antiquity. In several instances it was possible to piece together a practically complete statue from the fragments lying near the original base, where they had been thrown by the violent earthquake which brought about the ruin of the building. By unusual good fortune, although most of the statues were thus reduced to fragments, a large number of the heads were found in good condition, this circumstance adding greatly to the effect of the whole. All the statues published in the last few years appear to be of workmanship of the Roman period, probably in most cases of the second century A. D.; but in general they reproduce with greater or less fidelity Greek originals.

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Perhaps the most important of all as a work of art is a colossal statue of Hermes: it is derived eventually from a Polyclitan athletic type, which appears to have been somewhat modified by an eclectic artist of the fourth century. The influence of the bronze original is very clear in this copy of Pentelic marble. A headless statue of Athena, although of mediocre execution, preserves some characteristic details of a fifth century Attic original; and a head of the goddess belongs to a somewhat later stage of development of the same school. A charming Eros, represented as a boy of some twelve years of age, stringing a bow, brings us close to the influence of Lysippus; and a colossal Alexander which occupied the place of honor in the great hall of the baths is undoubtedly the most grandiose presentiment of that great historical personage which we possess. A fascinating head of Dionysus with elaborate headdress culminating in two clusters of grapes shows affinity with the Apollo of the Belvedere.

In short, the excavation of these baths at Cyrene has disclosed to us nothing less than a sculpture gallery provided in Imperial times with good copies of typical examples of the various periods and schools of Greek art. The authorities have acted wisely in furnishing a special hall in the new museum at Benghazi for the sculptures from Cyrene.

A temple of Jupiter has been found at Cyrene, with the colossal standing statue of the god almost perfectly preserved—a noble Hellenistic type, the head belonging in the same general class as the Zeus of Otricoli. From an inscription found here it appears probable that the monuments of the city suffered severely at the time of the Jewish insurrection and that many of the statues were either restored or replaced by Hadrian.

American Academy in Rome

A. W. VAN BUREN

Death of C. S. Pietro, the Sculptor

C. S. Pietro, the sculptor, died Oct. 9th at his home in Pelham, N. Y., of pneumonia. Pietro had attained great prominence in his profession, holding a high position amongst the younger practitioners. He passed away at the early age of 32, beloved by all who knew him.

Pietro was an Italo-American, born in Palermo, who crossed the Atlantic some ten years ago and soon signified his affection for this country by taking out his citizen papers. His advance was gradual up to the time that he modelled a bust of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, since when his career has been one of unqualified success.

Although best known for his portraits, his inclinations tended always to the monumental and the ideal. A strong architectonic feeling was ever behind his work and at the time of his death he had for a year past refused many tempting commissions in order to concentrate his entire energy upon a great work of art which his strong decorative leanings had full play. Many of the nation's museums, including Boston, Toledo, Cleveland, Hartford and St. Louis, possess exemplars, besides innumerable colleges, institutes and public buildings scattered throughout the States.

American Art News

We present in this number an appreciation of Mr. Pietro by Matthew Morgan, with several illustrations of his works.—EDITORS



Madonna of the Magnificat, by Botticelli. Uffizi Gallery, Florence. Simonetta, who is said to have posed for the Goddess of Love in Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," is conceived by Miss Wright in her poem on "Simonetta" to have inspired the same painter in his portrayal of the Madonna. (See pp. 299, 343).

"HOW SANDRO BOTTICELLI SAW SIMONETTA
IN THE SPRING" (*Maurice Hewlett*)

Explanatory Note.

Simonetta, of the noble house of Vespucci, betrothed to Giuliano, brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, is a guest at the Medici villa in Fiesole one golden morning in spring. Here she meets the young painter Sandro Botticelli. Noting his gaze of wondering admiration, she who is "beautiful as Venus, wise as Minerva, and proud as Juno," offers herself as model for the Venus which it is rumored the artist is about to paint. So will her beauty and his art together become immortal. She poses for him, however, but once, then—piqued possibly at the matter-of-fact way in which Botticelli accepts this condescension, she dismisses him abruptly. In one week's time comes the word that she is dead "of a mysterious, quick fever, baffling even to the physicians." So fades the proud Venus from the memory of the artist, but never the Madonna-like face of the dead Simonetta as he last saw her lying upon her bier in the dim Cathedral. A hint of it appears and reappears henceforth in his work.

Santa Croce, dim in shadow, shutting out the fragrant sunshine,
Holds as in a moulded chalice one fair flower, passing lovely—

Simonetta of the springtime.

Lies she like a languid lily on her velvet-covered bier—

Faded flower, broken blossom, waxen-pale and sweet in death.

Lily-white and full-drooped lids,

Hyacinth the shadows under,

Snowdrop-fair the folded hands.

On the chill flags kneels adoring Sandro, lover of all beauty,

Whispering in tender awe:

"Like a proud, rich rose resplendent didst thou greet my ravished sense.

Stay! I cried in breathless wonder; Quick! my brush—and Venice glowed.

Gone the flush and paled the splendor, lily-white the full-drooped lids,

Hyacinth the shadows under,

Snowdrop-fair the folded hands.

But daffodils! oh daffodils! Still the glory of thy hair shines amidst

The dim cathedral

Halo-like, inimitable,

And round that lovely curv'd mouth there creeps a melancholy smile,

A tender, mystic, wistful smile which says thou knowest I am here."

To Simonetta, noble lady, lying there in incensed calm,

Thus spake Sandro Botticelli, young, obscure and scorned of Rome.

Rose he up and sought his palette, mixed his colors cool and clear

And the form of an immortal dawned upon canvas there.

Now in saint and now Madonna, through the years the sweet look glows,

Sandro's dream of Simonetta as the Mother with the Child—

Tender, chastened Simonetta,

Mystic, melancholy, mild.

Richmond, Va.

MARGARET CARY PRATT

BOOK REVIEWS

The Religious Thought of the Greeks from Homer to the Triumph of Christianity. By **Clifford Herschel Moore.** Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1916. Pp. vii + 385. \$2.00.

In this book eight Lowell lectures are combined with material drawn from a course of lectures delivered before the Western Colleges with which Harvard University maintains an annual exchange. An historical account is given of the progress of Greek religious thought from Homer to Origen and Plotinus. There is no attempt to deal with origins or antiquities or anthropology and the recent technical and special treatises like those of Jane Harrison, Gilbert Murray, Ridgeway, Cornford, and others are not even mentioned in the bibliography. We have rather a humanistic and sober and well-balanced and non-technical discussion of the Greek ideas about the nature of the gods and the relations between gods and men, a philosophical and ethical rather than an anthropological treatment. Here one can find the essential facts about the religion of Homer and Hesiod, Orphism, Pythagoreanism, and the Mysteries, about the religious ideas of the poets of the sixth and fifth centuries, of Plato and Aristotle, about the later religious philosophies, the victory of Greece over Rome, the spread of the Oriental Religions over the whole Roman Empire, from Cilicia to Hadrian's Wall in Britain, and finally about Christianity and Paganism. In the earlier chapters we have a very readable account of Greek religion based mostly on the literature but with nothing specially original and with no evidence of epigraphical research; but the author seems to speak with more authority in the later chapters which deal with subjects on which

he has published many important articles. The description of the oriental religions, especially the mysteries of Isis with instructive quotations from Apuleius, of Mithras, of the Great Mother of the Gods, and Attis is especially interesting. In these mysteries as well as in the Eleusinian mysteries, one of the central ideas was a revelation of the divine to man. The idea that only the twice-born soul attains peace and salvation, the ideas of a resurrection, of purification and regeneration by means of the blood of a slain bull, of mystic union with the deity, of a sacred communion with consecrated cup and loaf, of the struggle between good and evil, and of immortality, all these ideas and others created a favorable environment for Christianity which Professor Moore calls another oriental religion, a new eastern mystery. In the last two chapters it is held that Christianity was hellenized and modified by later Greek philosophy and received a different form from that in the teachings of Jesus and was finally transformed into a Greek philosophy without losing, however, its own character.

The book is unusually free from errors of fact, though of course on many points, as for example in the treatment of Plato and Stoicism there would be a divergence of opinion among scholars.

DAVID M. ROBINSON

Johns Hopkins University

A History of Architecture. By **Fiske Kimball and G. H. Edgell.** New York, Harper & Bros., 1918, pp. 621, \$2.00.

This book deals chronologically, and in detail, with the main facts about the building operations of the western world from the earliest known time to

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the present day. It is an all-inclusive text book of such marked brevity in the treatment of specific subjects, each under its own paragraph heading, as almost to amount to a dictionary. It necessarily has the advantages and the disadvantages of such. And yet, impossible as it may sound from what has been said, it is a book which, in parts at least, goes far beyond the mere purveying of facts; in parts which are written with compelling charm. One such part is that which deals with Romanesque. This is likewise true of most of the chapter on Gothic which however, in its closing pages, due to over-condensation, becomes rather breathless reading.

The emphasis placed upon the importance of Byzantine architecture, considered intrinsically as well as a source of subsequent influence, from the sixth century on, is as essential as it is rare. In an equally trenchant manner the influence of English architecture in the formation of the Flamboyant of France is set forth. Perhaps, considering the sort of book intended, the almost complete omission of the subject of sculpture, in its relation to architecture, is logically justifiable. Yet in the medieval sections in particular this cannot fail to be a matter of regret for, written as they are, i. e., with both affection and understanding, one cannot but feel how well the subject would have been treated, not so much for its own sake as for the sake of that of which it is, and must be, as it always has been, so vitally important a part, namely, architecture.

In the editor's introduction we are told, "it has been the endeavor . . . to consider all the results of modern investigation and to summarize them as clearly as possible." It is then, to say the least, puzzling to find only this,

on the refinements, so-called, of Greek architecture, p. 82. "All these variations,"—curvature of horizontal and vertical members and of plan, and inclination of columns have been mentioned,—"sufficed to recognize in the most delicate way every possibility of finer organization, and to give the work of art something of the character of a living thing."

On page 49 it is said that "two systems of columnar forms, the Doric and the Ionic, were perfected. . . . When these forms came to be common property, their details were *not mingled*, but kept distinct, as recognized 'orders'". Turning the page to 51 we find this, "Doric architecture and Ionic were at first distinct styles, and their subsequent *intermingling* should not obscure their separate origin and different fortunes." There is either confusion of expression or confusion of thought in respect to the important matter here dealt with. There are, too, a number of terms, or expressions, of frequent occurrence, not however peculiar to the book under discussion which need clear definition. Thus "Spatial forms," "forms of detail," and "spatial element" occurring on page 379, and "pure form," page 6 for example, and "spatial relationships," page 60. There is nothing inherently bad in these expressions but they are sure to create question in the reader's mind, especially the reader who is not familiar with architecture. We are reminded of Voltaire's well-known "it is first necessary to define terms."

The usefulness of this book would be greatly increased by a few maps. It is to be hoped that in future editions the quality of the illustrations will be improved. While some are clear and good, others are seriously blurred.

Univ. of Indiana

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

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The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. Third Series. By Bernhard Berenson. London: G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., 1916. Pp. x—155. \$3.25.

Mr. Berenson's last series of the *Study and Criticism of Italian Art* consists of an essay on Leonardo da Vinci and a half-dozen others on various Venetian painters. The first essay, occupying thirty-seven pages, represents a powerful, not to say vitriolic, attack on one of the world's most famous artists. The idols of the cinquecento have been tottering for some time. To the modern critic Raphael is chiefly insipid, Michelangelo a painter of meaningless contortions. Now Leonardo, in his mature period, takes his place as a wily, though labored, pervert. So sweeping a condemnation of an artist is startling, and doubly so when it is penned by a famous author who wrote, twenty years ago, that:

"All that Giotto and Masaccio had attained in the rendering of tactile values, all that Fra Angelico or Filippo Lippi had achieved in expression, all that Pollaiuolo had accomplished in movement, or Verrocchio in light and shade, Leonardo, without the faintest trace of that tentativeness, that painfulness of effort which characterized his immediate precursors, equalled or surpassed."

Such a change of opinion requires an explanation other than a mere reconsideration of the artist's works. Mr. Berenson explains his early enthusiastic impression of Leonardo's art on the ground that he was hypnotized by the rhetorical praise of four centuries, and ended by speaking with tongues to help his unbelief. This explanation is unsatisfactory. As a scholar Mr. Berenson has been too independent, as a critic his vision has been too untroubled, to permit so complete a *volte face*. One wonders if the present opinion is not as

much an unconscious revolt against the lovely vaporings of mid-Victorian criticism as an honest analysis of Leonardo's worth.

The proof of such a contention would lie in the author's method. He condemns Leonardo almost purely on the ground of what he himself has described as elements of "illustration", themselves of vastly inferior importance to the fundamental elements of "decoration" previously discovered so powerfully in the painter's work. Mr. Berenson describes his painful attempts to see in *Mona Lisa* all that Walter Pater saw, and ends by seeing "a foreigner with a look I could not fathom, watchful, sly, secure, with a smile of anticipated satisfaction and a pervading air of hostile superiority." The subjectivity of such criticism is as striking as in the case of Pater's. Neither critic gives us an honest description of the portrait, but both offer a highly imaginative and rhetorical exposition of its reaction on them, with much of the critic in the writing but little of *Mona Lisa* or Leonardo. Will nobody but Salomon Reinach ever accept the *Mona Lisa* for what it is: a piece of technical perfection and a thoroughly straight-forward portrait of a Florentine lady!

For the connoisseurs, the essay on Leonardo is important chiefly on account of the paintings attributed to the artist. In the past Mr. Berenson has denied a place in Leonardo's list to the *Paris Saint John*. This unpleasant painting he now restores to the artist, though without explanation. Similarly he gives Leonardo the Benois *Madonna*, in the Hermitage gallery, which he describes as "a young woman with a bald forehead and a puffed cheek, a toothless smile, bleary eyes, and a furrowed throat. The uncanny, anile ap-

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partition plays with a child who looks like a hollow mask fixed on inflated body and limbs." Not a word is said as to why such a work is attributed to the artist. Doubtless the author has his reasons, and there is good documentary evidence for the attribution, but it is not presented, and the reader is left in the dark as to why such a description of the picture is not immediate cause for its removal from the artist's authentic works. Surely the internal evidence seems stronger than the documentary. To most critics the older, limited list of Leonardo's works will commend itself more strongly than the new, expanded one. The essay is purely subjective, and shows an indifference to scientific criticism extraordinary in the author.

The remaining six essays form a striking contrast to the first. Being constructive rather than iconoclastic, brilliant rather than sensational, they will not attract nearly so much attention as the first, to which I have already allotted too great space. They are the products of the author's recent intensive study of the Venetian school, and in them the reader is taken completely into the writer's confidence. For instance, in the essay on the *Saint Justine* of the Valsecchi Collection in Milan, the method of the critic is revealed step by step as he removes the painting from the list of Alvise Vivarini's works and attributes it to Giovanni Bellini. The essay, like all the last six, is absolutely convincing, and takes a long step forward in Mr. Berenson's reconstruction and glorification of Bellini.

The book is well printed on good paper. It is fully and beautifully illustrated and, in these days of economy in the make-up of books, will be a delight to the book lover as well as to the lover of Italian painting.

G. H. E.

The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina. By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1917. 124 illustrations. Pp. 387. \$6.00.

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